



The Critic

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Eugène Fromentin. (See Page 364.)

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Eugène Fromentin.

THE distinguishing characteristic of Eugène Fromentin was refinement. Nothing issued from his pen or his brush that did not bear the stamp of a fastidious elegance of style and taste. The impression his personality produced upon casual acquaintances was that of an extremely high-bred man of the world; his letters to those whom he honored with his friendship reveal a nature so singularly delicate and sympathetic, so modest, conscientious, and gentle, that to complete our estimate of his character and bear witness to its virility and force, we need the additional testimony of his works; and these amply satisfy our demands. He had the courage of his opinions to a degree that amounted to little less than audacity in the minds of those who dissented from his conclusions, and both the quality and quantity of his literary and artistic achievement give evidence of a vigorous, indomitable will, no less than of a brilliant genius. As an author he ranks higher than as a painter; and in a country where the arts of painting and prose-writing have attained their greatest perfection among the moderns, this is no slight praise for one whose pictures adorn the walls of the Luxembourg, and who gained, in the Salon of 1859, the first gold medal and the Cross of the Legion of Honor. His biographer, M. Gonse, only echoes the general verdict in placing him as a writer on an equal plane with such masters of style as George Sand, Renan, Ste. Beuve, and Mérimée; and he affirms that had it not been for his untimely death, at the age of fifty-five, Fromentin would have obtained the signal honor of a chair in the French Academy. With such a rare flexibility of talent as the world has seldom seen exemplified since the golden days of the Renaissance, he avoided the danger of introducing the literary element into his pictures, or the studio into his writings. His literary work comprises four volumes—'The Old Masters,' a critical study of the Netherland schools of painting; 'Dominique,' a novel; 'A Summer in the Sahara,' and 'A Year in the Sahel,'—two books of eastern travel. The 'Old Masters' is essentially a painter's book, but it has an inestimable value and charm for the least technical reader. It holds indeed a unique place among art criticisms, and whatever indignant protests may be excited by its independence of judgment in regard to masters whose rank the world has already fixed, there can be but one opinion as to the force and grace of style and the sincerity of feeling with which its views are presented. However frankly, Fromentin may dissent from the accepted verdict upon certain masterpieces (as for instance Rembrandt's 'Night-Watch'), there is never a trace of flippancy or arrogance in his expression. Without for a moment abdicating his prerogative of individual judgment, he approaches the works of genius in a spirit of reverence only too often lacking among modern critics. The tone of the book is one of serious and profound enthusiasm. He is equally successful in his detailed criticisms and in his brief summing up of an effect or a talent. In speaking of the 'careless and elegant dexterity' of Rubens, producing the magic results which, when imitated, turn into mannerisms and affectation, he exclaims: 'With Rubens, I repeat it to satiety, it is nothing but the exquisite sensitiveness of an admirably healthy eye, of a marvellously trained hand, finally, and above all, of a soul sincerely open to all things—happy, confident, and great.' His analysis of Rembrandt, whom he calls not a colorist but a 'luminarist,' is perhaps still more remarkable for its subtlety and lucidity:

'Rembrandt decomposed and reduced everything, color as well as light, so that by dint of eliminating from appearances everything complex, and concentrating everything scattered, he finally succeeded in drawing without outlines, in painting a portrait almost without visible features, in coloring without tints, in condensing the light of the solar universe into a single ray. Through his gift of second-sight, by means of his somnambulist intuition, he sees farther than any one else into the supernatural. The life he perceives in a dream has an indescribable touch of the other world which renders real life almost cold and dull in comparison. His ideal, pursued with closed eyes as in a sleep, is light,—a nimbus around every object, phosphorescence on a black background. It is fugitive, uncertain, formed of imperceptible lines, ready to disappear before they are caught, ephemeral and dazzling. To grasp this vision, fix it on the canvas, give it form and relief, preserve its fragile texture, restore its sparkle, and make the result a solid, masculine, substantial painting, as real as any

other soever, capable of resisting the contact of Rubens, Titian, Veronese, Giorgione, Van Dyck—that is what Rembrandt attempted. Did he succeed? The world is there to bear witness in answer.'

'Dominique' is one of those rare novels which combine the beauty and grace of poetry with an autobiographical vividness and intensity. One is tempted to believe (all the more from its being the author's only work of fiction) that under the thin veil of his hero's imaginary name and circumstances he has made a study and confession of his own character. But if he has copied from life, we need scarcely say he has done so as an artist, not as a photographer. The record of the birth, development, and final renunciation of a forbidden passion, which forms the motif of the story, presents nothing new to the ordinary novel reader; it is in the originality of types, the picturesqueness of scene, the sincerity of accent, the trenchant or eloquent passages of reflection or criticism, the wonderful grace and tenderness of touch, that the peculiar charm of the book consists. Fromentin has expended all his art upon the principal character; the others are mere sketches, more or less shadowy. Madeleine, the unhappy object of Dominique's passion (which from the beginning resembles more a malady of the nerves than a healthy, genuine affection), is a highly poetic figure, but somewhat unreal or over-idealized. Perhaps this fault is inseparable from the method which Fromentin has adopted in making Dominique tell his own story; we never get a glimpse of Madeleine except through the rose-colored medium of her lover's sentiment. The author has evidently appreciated the morbid temperament and almost undignified situation of his hero, and has endeavored to palliate the occasionally unpleasant effect by representing him as extremely young, and by giving us from time to time the tonic counter-influence of a thoroughly healthy, intelligent, and practical man, M. Augustin, who figures in the story as Dominique's tutor and life-long mentor and friend. It is needless to say, however, that all wise and kind counsels are thrown away upon a nervous, sentimental, poetical youth, who tortures himself with perpetual self-vivisection until he ends by thinking his commonplace woe something exceptional and tremendous, and by immolating upon the altar of his selfishness the pure and lovely creature whom he has pitilessly pursued from the moment when he knew her to be beyond his reach. It is all very human, very melancholy and singularly beautiful, and leaves an impression akin to that of Chopin's music, or of such a clear autumn evening as is described in the opening chapter, 'which typifies any moderate existence that is completed or concluded in a natural frame of serenity, silence, and regret.'

Among all of M. Fromentin's literary works, those which bear the palm for originality and an almost magic fascination of style are the two volumes of Eastern travel with which he made his first appearance in literature. No other modern description of the Orient can be compared with these wonderful reproductions, not only of the color and line of Eastern landscape, figures, and costume, but of the secret glamour of the life and atmosphere. 'At first,' he says, 'you only perceive the variety of costumes; then you stop at the characteristic race-distinctions; you give to every individual the same family likeness of style, of insipid elegance and beauty. Only at a later period does the man appear under the lineaments of the Arab, and show that he has, like ourselves, his passions, deformities, and absurdities.' It was just this discernment of the human, the real, the eternal, under the strange and often bewildering mask of foreign types and customs, which enabled Fromentin to succeed in making us share his life through the long shadowless days of his desert sojourn. No fantastic pictures for us, but real as personal experience are the enchanted oasis, glittering caravans, torrid, blinding wastes of sand, passionate, scintillating nights that 'come on like a swoon.' No 'splendid inanimate statues,' but breathing men and women are the Arab dervishes, servants, almehs, toilers at the loom, and merchants of the bazaar. Notwithstanding the overpowering heat of June in the Sahara, M. Fromentin was in the habit of mounting every day upon the roof of his dwelling to watch with unwearied enthusiasm the effects of light from dawn till nightfall upon the strange landscape, 'painting, in spite of the wind, in spite of the sand, in spite of the pavement that burned his feet, of the walls that burned his back, of his color-box which would not stay in his lap, painting with colors reduced to the condition of mortar, so mixed were they with sand.' Only when he was threatened with blindness by constant exposure to this scorching glare did he desist. Nothing can excel in vividness his description of these hours:

'At noon the desert is transformed into an obscure plain; the sun, suspended above its centre, describes a circle of light whose equal rays strike it perpendicularly from every direction at once. It is no longer either light or shadow; perspective, which is indicated by tapering colors, no longer measures the distances for us; everything takes on a brownish tint, which extends without variegation or admixture. There are fifteen or twenty leagues of a country as uniform and flat as a floor. It seems as if the slightest projection ought to stand out on it; on the contrary, you perceive nothing, you could not even tell which is sand, which earth, and which are the rocky portions; consequently the immobility of this solid sea becomes more conspicuous than ever. You ask yourself,—seeing it begin at your feet, then expand till it is lost in the South, the East, the West, without any visible pathway, without any salient point,—what can be this silent land, tinged with a vague color which seems the very hue of vacancy, whence no one comes, whither no one goes, and which terminates in such a straight, sharp streak against the sky? Even if you did not already know, you would feel, it does not end there: this is, so to speak, only the entrance to the open sea.'

But we cannot linger over these magnificent pages, not a single word of which should be omitted. We can only make room for the artist's account of his sensations when he descends at night from his coign of vantage:

'When I come in after a day like this, I experience a certain intoxication, caused, I suppose, by the quantity of light I have absorbed during this solar bath of more than twelve hours, and I am in a mental condition which I should like to define for you. It is a sort of interior illumination that remains after night has fallen, and is even refracted through my sleep. I cannot stop dreaming of light. When I close my eyes, I see flames, radiant orbs, or else indistinct reverberations which grow larger like the approaches of dawn. I have, as it were, no night. This perception of day, even in the absence of the sun, this transparent repose, intersected by gleams, as summer nights by meteors, this singular nightmare which does not allow me a moment of darkness, all bear a strong resemblance to fever. However, I am not conscious of any fatigue; I had to expect this, and I do not complain.'

His premonition was nevertheless correct: a species of sun-stroke which attacked him while he was painting on the terrace, and affected him with temporary blindness, warned him to discontinue his perilous observations. Space forbids more than a passing allusion to his 'Year in Algiers,' no less fascinating than his 'Summer in the Desert.' It has a more decidedly literary character, more the air of a carefully composed and constructed book, than the 'Letters from the Sahara.' But both volumes are alike in the singular vividness of word-painting which gives to M. Fromentin's pages the accuracy of reflection, the mysterious poetry, the luminous vitality, the delicacy of a mirage.

EMMA LAZARUS.

Literature

Freeman's "Subject and Neighbor Lands of Venice."*

DR. FREEMAN, or Mr. Freeman (as he prefers to hear himself called), is, above all, an Englishman; indeed, he is both provokingly and deliciously English. He is English in the thoroughness with which he sets about a piece of work; English in rating good honest work better than almost anything else in this world; English in wanting free play for his elbows while about his work; English in his scorn of pretension and interlopers; and English in his love for a good growl—at the weather—if nothing else serve.

These traits all make themselves felt in his late entertaining and instructive little book, about one or more jaunts of travel up and down the shores of the Adriatic, or—as he chooses, Englishly, to say—the *Hadriatic*. He puts all the Louis' of France, too, into the homespun of Lewis; even Charlemagne (p. 12), he calls Charles the Great; while the Carrara is still Francisco, and not (as we were prepared to find him) Francis. Again, the first authentic historian of Venice, Giovanni Sagornino (though Foscarini doubts his authorship of the chronicle bearing that name) is called with English straight-forwardness—'John' (p. 12).

His course of travel takes him by Treviso and Aquileia to Trieste; thence through Istria to Pola; from this point by Lloyd's steamer to Zara, and so on down the coast, bringing

under his eye and pen Spalato (or Spalatro, as the gazetteers have it), Cattaro, Curzola, and Ragusa.

It is at Cividale that the rain disturbs him, and provokes this reflection: 'It is wonderful how a heavy rain damps the zeal of the most inquiring spirit, especially if he be carrying on his inquiries by himself. If he has companions, a good deal of wet may be shaken off by the process of talking and laughing at the common bad luck. If he be alone, every drop sticks; he has nothing to do but to grumble, and he has nobody to listen to his grumbling but himself.' And this phenomenon of the rain gets a page of mention; indeed this iteration of talk about an irritating topic is somewhat characteristic of Mr. Freeman—as it is of every hearty Englishman. Poor Mr. Neale (of whose archæology he does not think much) on his journey thereabouts, speaks of 'finding himself on the road, in a capital barouche behind two excellent horses.' Mr. Freeman whips those 'two excellent horses' to a satirical canter through four pages of print!

Then the question of a disputed etymology or orthography of a town's name is—as we Yankees vulgarly say—'nuts to him.' He tussels with it, as a mastiff tussels with a bone. We refer the reader to the chapter on 'Corfu and its Names.'

But back of all these little exhibits of an extreme and aggressive Saxonism, there remains always that stanch allegiance to historic truth—even in smallest matters—which everywhere characterizes the writings of Mr. Freeman, and which would give to a summer trip of his across the desert of Sahara (should he ever take such) a certain historic flavor and value.

But the 'subject lands' of Venice are not Sahara; nearly every shore-town of the Istrian and Dalmatian coasts bristles with towers, or ramparts, or ruins, whose memories stretch back to Rome, or the Empire of the Paleologi, or to the glories of the mediæval Republics of Italy.

Mr. Freeman, with a great wealth of archæologic knowledge at command, makes every church tower, every arch, and every bit of sculpture tell each its story. The more significant buildings have been sketched by the author, and are duplicated by a process which, if not over-satisfying from a picturesque point of view, is, we dare say, equal to the bald verities, which Mr. Freeman values more.

His manifest fondness for the Romanesque has, we think, led him to an undue discredit and neglect of those pointed wall-openings, which were set in many a Dalmatian shore-town, when the winged lion of the lagoon brooded in triumph over the long line of coast. We doubt if many artists will agree with him in ranking the arcade of the Ragusan palace above that of the Ducal Home at Venice; yet it must be said that the Ragusan arches are singularly effective. The enthusiasms of Mr. Freeman—where he shows any—never lead him into extravagance of any sort; never was writer or archæologist more self-contained. Even the wondrous beauty of those Dalmatian shores does not woo him into any superlatives. Once only, under the walls of the Duomo of Cattaro, he speaks with a certain glow 'of the last stage of a pilgrimage unsurpassed either for natrdral beauty, or for historic interest.' And, as he looks up at the mountain which rises almost close above the east end of the Duomo of Cattaro, and thinks of the land and the men to which the path over that mountain leads, he feels that 'on this frontier at least, the spirit still lives which led the English warriors to the side of Manuel Komnénos, and which steeled the heart of the last Constantine to die in the breach for the Roman name, and the faith of Christendom.'

From Cattaro he takes us across the Gulf to the Apulian shore, and the scent he finds there of Norman traces gives new zest to his pen. From Trani he follows the coast down through Bari and Brindisi to the old and famous city of Otranto. Along these shores Roman and Norman, and Saracenic and Venetian influences have all had their sway, and Mr. Freeman indicates the traces of each in one of the most interesting chapters of his book.

In concluding, he gives us a sight of Corfu, and a glimpse of the Albanian shores; and as he looks out upon the headlands of the Grecian peninsula, or takes us through the war-ravaged streets of Antivari, he gives a very free range to his thought on the Eastern question; plainly, not greatly in sympathy with the late Lord Beaconsfield.

It is to be regretted that a map of the Dalmatian and Apulian shores had not accompanied, and given an added value to the book; but even without this, no wise traveller in these regions can henceforth afford to forego the intelligent guidance of Mr. Freeman.

* Sketches from the Subject and Neighbor Lands of Venice. By Edward A. Freeman, D.C.L., LL.D. \$2.50. London and New York: Macmillan & Co.

Dr. Diman's "Orations and Essays."*

A BOOK which only purports to present some scattered leaves from the hand of one who has fallen before his time, before he had produced one work which might stand to the world for what he had to say, must necessarily be fragmentary and disconnected. Dr. Diman, Professor of History and Political Economy in Brown University, dying suddenly at the age of fifty, in the fulness of middle life, has left behind him a reputation as a teacher and as a reviewer such as does not fall to the lot of many. Unfortunately, however, he did not devote his energies to the kind of work for which he was most eminently fitted and in which he would probably have attained lasting honors. The result is that we are now presented with a volume of orations, essays, and sermons from his pen, a good portion of which, had he lived, would most likely have been consigned to oblivion. With a singular purity of aims, high and ardent energies, and remarkable extent of intellect, he was a man who attempted to devote himself to two callings, namely, to the labors of a parish and the duties of the professor's chair. The result was to be anticipated; he carried his religious convictions into his secular teaching, and, to some extent, his pedagogy into the pulpit; and though he died beloved of all who had known him, yet he left no work of first-class value in either of his branches of learning.

Among the papers here collected may be noted especially the one on 'The Alienation of the Educated Class from Politics,' a subject which happily continues to attract a good deal of attention from those whom it concerns. The professor asks pertinently if the culture which proved itself equal to the most strenuous calls of civil war is unable to cope with the difficulties which beset a life of civil peace. Of course in using the word 'culture' the broadest sense is attached to that much tortured term—'the cultured' means the aggregate of those who use the works of learning produced and excoagulated for them by the patient few who devote their lives to study for its own sake. Even this class of average minds is far down in the minority as compared with the countless numbers who neither advance learning themselves nor have the ability to apply to their own lives the wisdom of their intellectual betters. Nevertheless, we are ruled by majorities and shall continue to be while our country holds together. It will be a long time before the well-to-do, well-educated citizen finds himself in the majority, so that in the meantime all he can hope to accomplish is to influence his more numerous brethren by taking an interest in them and working with them, instead of regarding them as dangerous animals, to be avoided as much as possible, in self-defence.

It is not so bad with us as in most other countries. Our majority does not deserve the name of *argumentum pessimi* given to the Roman plebeian vote. We have no entire class of mankind here sentenced to hopeless poverty and ignorance by social distinctions which no revolution has hitherto been able to break down. We have changed all that. There is no reason why the 'cultured' of the country, that is to say, the well-educated classes, should not work hand in hand with the tillers of the soil and the weavers at the loom, who themselves look forward to occupying a higher station in society. Such are some of the arguments by which Dr. Diman urges the educated classes to bear a more active part in politics. His defense of majorities is as good as anything in the book, and it is a pity he should have marred anything so strong by introducing religious allusions of the tritest kind into his really vigorous English. It is doubtless true that 'all culture comes from on High' and right-minded persons would applaud the proposition in a sermon, but in an oration, the whole character of which is political, it seems rather irrelevant to introduce what Kant would call 'a priori' propositions stated with apodictic certainty.

In another paper on 'The Method of Academic Culture,' which can be only briefly noticed here, the professor has handled the modern philosophers of the English school about as roughly as it is possible to do. Here his love of history, his special branch of knowledge, breaks out with all the zeal and richness of language which belonged to his enthusiastic temper and fertile intellect. He defends history against the levelling efforts of those who would reduce it to a mere science, maintaining that it has a higher poetic side which cannot be said to belong to any department of scientific inquiry; and he brings his discussion of education to this remarkable climax: 'Unless we do something to raise as

well as to diffuse [education], there is danger that the sneer of Renan will prove well founded, and the New World atone for its neglect of superior instruction by a long course of vulgarity of thought and brutality of manners.'

"Appletons' Home Books."**

THIS little volume (1) is, on the whole, a sufficiently intelligent resumé, in a cheap form, of many of the ideas recently conveyed to the public by acknowledged authorities in the not-yet-exhausted familiar science of household decorative art. As nothing that can be called original seems to have been attempted in its pages, detailed criticism is forestalled. And a compilation that bears internal evidence throughout of having been prepared to order, to meet a publisher's demand, may perhaps be pardoned for the common fault in like cases, of forsaking one subject in a half developed condition, to seize upon another. We cannot but think that an exhaustive manual upon any one of the themes touched upon would do more to meet the popular need, just at present, than a hodge-podge of introductions to a half dozen decorative arts, where the puzzled student, abandoned on the threshold, is left to wander in or out of them as best he can. A little more practical acquaintance with her subject would also have enabled the author to avoid the mistake of occasionally confusing where it is fair to suppose she means to instruct her reader. May we enter a protest against the advice, given on page 110, to decorate a portière with pearl dress buttons disposed in various intricate devices? The author asks us to 'suppose such a hanging were of blue momie cloth,' adding that 'a deep crimson border with the white buttons would look very handsome.' This we must take the liberty to doubt. It is only in the hands of such an artist in appliqué work as Mrs. Wheeler, for instance, that bits of mother-of-pearl, spangles, crystal, gold, or silver beads, and real beetles have recently begun to gleam upon rich fields of embroidery like glow-worms in the grass. A less skilful attempt to revive the old appliqué effects of Venice and of Southern Germany would end in disastrous failure, and we must hope that the button-decorated portière may not become domesticated in our homes. A design of violets conventionalized, together with the violet growing in its natural form (pp. 10 and 11), is both pretty and suggestive; so are the designs for screen panels (p. 73); but of the frontispiece, and of such illustrations as the fallen branch, looking like a rampant centipede (p. 75), and the wheat field (p. 76), what might be said had perhaps better be left unsaid.

In Mrs. Sherwood's volume (2), as in that of Mrs. Runtz-Rees, the author's work is clearly handicapped by the necessity of accommodating it to the Procrustean couch allotted by the publishers of a popular series; but in treatment there is a wide difference between the two. Under the illuminated cover of 'Home Amusements,' as in other writings of the same pen, we find a surprising luxuriance of ideas, of illustrations, of quotation, of kindly feminine forethought. We are hurried with such cordial insistence from one pleasure to another that we almost wish for a bench by the way, with opportunity to draw a long breath before starting afresh. Beginning, for example, in the garret of a country house upon a rainy day—before our eyes have become fairly accustomed to the clear-obscure of that pleasant haunt, and our spirits attuned to the images it suggests—we are hurried downstairs, and set to tacking up curtains for 'private theatricals.' Upon 'private theatricals' in general a good many valuable hints are given from the repertory of ample experience; among them what follows: 'No one who is not a first-rate actor should attempt "Two Can Play at that Game," "A Morning Call," "A Happy Pair," or any of those beautiful French trifles which look so easy, and in the hands of good actors are so charming; for they depend upon the most delicate shades of acting to make them even passable.' The suggestions as to the 'absolute monarchy' of a stage manager, and the necessity of repeated rehearsals, etc., are of equal value, and some good plays are proposed, excepting only that sprightly old comedy of 'The Wonder,' which, as we remember it, not even Mr. Wallack's and Miss Coghlan's acting could rid of some objectionable situations.

After posing for a brief space as 'tableaux vivants,' we are challenged by a chapter bearing the alarming title of 'Brain Games.' In this are united 'Twenty Questions' (that immortal

* Orations and Essays, with Selected Parish Sermons. By the late Rev. J. Lewis Diman, D.D. A memorial volume. \$2.50. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

** (1) Home Decoration. By Janet Runtz-Rees. (2) Home Amusements. By M. E. W. S. (Appletons' Home Books). 50 cents each. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

resource of minds both high and low), 'Authors,' 'The Secretary,' 'Bouts Rimés,' 'Crambo,' and many others. Next we are called on to uplift the curtain of futurity, and to consult an amateur soothsayer. Screen-decoration, fan-painting, embroidery, and ceramics follow; but here we think the author is less happy, and writes less smoothly, as if it were an unaccustomed task. One might say she too thought so, since from scrap-screens she diverges abruptly in a page of bright suggestions about a fancy ball. 'Etching,' 'Lawn Tennis,' 'Flower Culture,' 'The Family Horse,' 'Picnics and Caged Birds,' are the topics severally treated to a share of humming-bird's attention; but all told, we are inclined to be most attracted by the chapter on 'Garden Parties,' which should stand by itself, a detached bit from a mosaic, yet complete in characteristic charm. This essay, for so it may be called, touches upon garden parties of all periods and places, and brings in many pleasant historical memories of old-world beaux and belles. 'Adam and Eve,' says Mrs. Sherwood, 'held the first garden party. What a pity that the serpent crawled in!'

"Man's Origin and Destiny."*

PROFESSOR LESLEY, as the title page of his work on 'Man' indicates, is a 'corporate member of the National Academy [of Sciences] of the U. S.,' and 'State Geologist of Pennsylvania;' and he has gained the confidence of the community to such an extent as to have been invited to deliver a course of lectures before the Lowell Institute in the winter of 1865-66. The volume in question essentially embodies those lectures; but in the present edition six new ones on 'The Destiny of Man' supplement the original, and a chapter on 'Arkite Symbolism' is, with good taste, suppressed. The perusal of the work must cause mingled dissatisfaction and pleasure. It is rather a heterogeneous collection of essays than a logical treatise with a special purpose. A wide range of subjects is discussed with more or less coherence—e.g., 'The Classification of the Sciences,' 'The Genius of the Physical Sciences,' 'The Growth of Architecture,' 'The Four Types of Religious Worship'; but nothing definite is said about 'Man's Origin,' and nothing conclusive about man's 'destiny.' The author has indulged in much desultory reading, but has not well digested the matter. The results nevertheless are retailed in quite an interesting manner, the style is fluent, and the information conveyed often curious. A fervid imagination is evident, but as this has not been subordinated to a scientific rein, it has by no means added to the value of the treatise.

The most that we can glean respecting Professor Lesley's ideas as to the origin of man is that 'our race has been upon the earth for hundreds of thousands of years.' The author scorns the familiar Hebraic assumption, and contends that 'geology in its present advancement cannot be brought more easily into harmony with the Mosaic cosmogony than with the Gnostic, the Vedic, or the Scandinavian.' But he also hesitates to apply the doctrine of development to man, although he *does* remark 'I think I can see around me in society sufficient evidence that man is a developed monkey.' It is doubtful, however, whether this is a cynical utterance or to be interpreted literally. But he aptly adds that the 'pride of civilization seems the pride of parvenus. If mankind were originally apes, they have at all events acquired the right to be so no longer.'

There are but two great schools of philosophy, the Optimist and the Pessimist, says Professor Lesley. He himself is an optimist of the optimists, and after singing the praises of optimism, he proceeds to apply his philosophy to the consideration of man's future on this planet. (He has already pronounced that 'no Christian can be a true Optimist who subscribes to the popular belief in hell,' and thus released us from much anxiety as to the more distant future.) We cannot follow his speculations, although many would amuse if not convince. The neglect of scientific logic is too often evident. For example, he thinks that there is a 'destiny for the fiction of interest' which is 'to vanish away out of the calculations and the life of men.' Even Professor Lesley's optimistic philosophy does not look to a total obliteration of selfishness in man, and until such ideal self-denial is attained it would be unreasonable to expect such a destiny, or to appreciate why man should be prohibited from receiving compensation for the use of capital and yet enjoy rent, dividends, etc. It is always regrettable that such visionary ideas should find utterance from sci-

entific men. Ruskins and agrarians may naturally take to them; but elementary logic should teach reasoning men that the ultimate result of the adoption of such views would lead to indolence, a grosser selfishness than now flourishes, and the demoralization of the community. The fact that most of this work was composed many years ago and has not been since revised will be very evident to the reader. Thus in one place it is asserted that 'the Immortal Cuvier established the grand quaternion of types which all modern comparative zoölogy virtually accepts.' At the present day no zoölogist accepts 'the grand quaternion.' Indeed, no very recent discoveries or investigations are signalized in the earlier portion of the volume, although within the last fifteen years anthropology has developed almost as a new science.

"Mrs. Spofford's Poems."*

If a quick and yielding fancy, that answers every call with an image, whether the call be imperative or merely whimsical, is the one condition of poetry, then we have in Mrs. Spofford's neat and pretty volume the evidence of a poet. But if good, readable verse requires more than this—a solid body of thought, the results of ripe experience, a pleasing fancy clearly wrought out, or a story, delicate or tender, or agreeable in some form or other, then we fear we must deny to our author the essentials of a poet. She so abounds in trope and metaphor and figures great and small, that one labors for the sense. In pursuit of what may, in the end, prove but a very common everyday picture, or a thin rill of story, one is obliged to wander from earth to heaven and beyond, to get—what one often fails to get after all—the color of some fine-feathered fancy. To be sure, the feathers are fine, the fancies are generally pretty; sometimes they are more than pretty—they are beautiful; but they seldom repay the labor of following them. A poem should have a definite flight, a single motive, and not resemble the flutter of a sparrow from bush to bush. There should be grace and harmony in its movement, and these should be subordinate to some design. The poem called 'Clouds' is a good illustration both of the writer's luxuriance of fancy and its aimlessness. It opens with an exceedingly musical line.

'High in the rare crepuscine ether,
Cirrus, and fine, and fading fair,'

there is a sunset cloud finer than the rest—'a purpler film' that rises and

'leaves all beneath her,
And hovering where remoter bounds are bare,
Dreams of the vanished light on so serene a height,
And sheds her vapor into ragged air.
Flamed she erewhile on some sunset's bosom,
Scarlet and piled with fleeciest snow,
Crowning the side-sky with ruddy blossom—
To suffer so her sanguine ardors go,
And hang, with meek surrender abandoning her splendor,
Like nothing but the breath of one below!'

After considerable study one is able to follow the picture, and finds that it represents to the mind something exquisitely lovely in nature. Each item of the description is true to nature—one cannot deny that; and the fancy of the poet has seized upon the happy points in the varying movements of the cloud and the rapidly changing effects of sunset; but the difficulty of grasping the picture at a glance destroys the pleasure one might have in it. We do not like to get at beauty in such things by an intellectual exercise.

Of this luxuriant tangle of pretty fancies, the book is sufficiently full. The poems that seem to us in this particular most faulty are, besides that which we have quoted, the 'Charlotte Cushman' and the 'Sarah H. Butler.' They show, that is, a fertile and imaginative mind, a pure, ethereal spirit, airiness and grace in small details, but labor and strain in the mass, and a lack of that large symmetry and beauty which the artist must acquire, and which the genius gets by virtue of genius. While this is the prevailing fault of the poems, we would not wish to convey the impression that there are no interesting pieces in the volume. There are some, mostly short and simple in metrical structure, which are sweet and natural. We like the simple metres best, and best of all the verses which come nearer home to the author's friendships and small life-experiences. The 'Lonely Grave' is tender and thoughtful, but the emancipated slave introduced into it is not a happy addition. The introduction, that is, is not, to our minds, happily

* Man's Origin and Destiny. Sketched from the Platform of the Physical Sciences. By J. P. Lesley. Second Edition enlarged. \$2. Boston: George H. Ellis.

* Poems. By Harriet Prescott Spofford. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

made. In the series of poems called 'In Summer Nights,' are some of the prettiest touches. 'A Night in Texas' is fresh and ringing, and abounds in poetical thought. 'Lovers' is picturesque and has a suggestion of passion—passion, mainly, as it comes strained through the imagination. 'Our Neighbors' is more human in its interest, warmer and homelier in strain. 'Winds from the Sea' presents a vivid moon-picture. And we might mention many more which have a mixed and tantalizing, exasperating interest, and which might so easily be made better by a little more method in their madness.

"The Prince and the Pauper."*

THE public has seen fit to be surprised at Mark Twain's 'new departure,' and the critics have, as far as we know, without exception taken it for granted both that it is a departure, and that it is new. We do not necessarily claim to be wiser than the rest, but we must insist that the author has in his recent books very gradually prepared the public for just such a volume. What has made Mark Twain's extravagant humor so effective has been (apart from its more glaring qualities) the skilfully painted background of more subdued and often delicate description. We need only remind the reader of the many picturesque passages in 'Innocents Abroad,' and 'A Tramp Abroad,' and if a particular instance is demanded we might select from the latter work the charming episode of the little girl's bathing in the Neckar, which though very slight in itself becomes significant from the tenderness with which it is treated. We could cite many other passages to prove that the finer element in Mark Twain's nature, which has been more or less distinctly traceable in all his books, has been growing more predominant in his more recent writings, until at last, in 'The Prince and the Pauper,' it hides temporarily the humorous vein out of sight. It is very amusing, however, to observe how the old humorous habit which has here been forcibly repressed occasionally crops out in some droll conceit which fits oddly into the delicate texture of the mediæval tale. We can imagine a lover of the old Mark, the Western humorist (as distinguished from the new Mark, the romancer), hailing with uproarious delight his familiar friend in the two passages which we are about to quote, after having puzzled his brains to discover the *raison d'être* of this, to him, wholly enigmatical tale. Speaking of the perils of the office of the royal taster (page 90), the author observes: 'Why they did not use a dog or a plumber seems strange; but all the ways of royalty are strange.' Again (page 35), in the description of the people who lived upon London bridge, we recognize the old familiar manner: 'They always talked bridgy talk, and thought bridgy thought, and lied in a long level, direct, substantial, bridgy way.' The touch of grotesqueness in the account of Tom Canty's toilet, while in his princely disguise, is chiefly inherent in the mediæval custom as to the dressing of royalty, which was sufficiently absurd even without exaggeration. The plot itself must, indeed, at every step have impressed the author as a fertile theme for an extravaganza, and he deserves great credit for having made it something far better—a sweet and wholesome tale.

Mark Twain, as we observe on his title-page, has wisely addressed his romance to the 'young people of all ages.' It is far less distinctly juvenile than was 'Tom Sawyer,' because it contains, besides the entertaining adventures and situations which no child would fail to comprehend, a gentle humor and a poetic quality which appeal to that remnant of childhood which in the happiest lives survives even into old age. The fancy itself, out of which the tale is woven, is of that elastic kind which would adapt itself to almost any kind of treatment. It would lend itself admirably to heavy moralizing in didactic prose; and one shudders to think what it would have become in the hands of those who supply the literature of the Sunday-school libraries. It is briefly as follows: Tom Canty, a pauper, is born on the same day as Edward, Prince of Wales, the son of Henry VIII., and as he grows up he develops a striking resemblance to the prince. He dreams, in the midst of his wretchedness, of greatness and splendor, the fabric of his dreams being borrowed from the tales of Father Andrew, an old priest who takes a kindly interest in him and teaches him a little Latin. On one occasion he meets the young Prince of Wales, who invites him into the palace, and there, in a boyish freak, they exchange clothes. Being indignant at the treatment Tom has suffered from

one of the guards, the Prince, forgetful of his rags, rushes out to rebuke the offender, is thrust out from the palace grounds and turned adrift. Tom, in spite of his protests, is treated with all the honors due to royalty, and his references to his humble origin are supposed to emanate from a diseased mind. His supposed madness, however, is kept a secret by the King's command, and after much unhappiness and many discomforts he begins to accuse himself to his new position, and after the king's death makes some beneficent amendments of the cruel criminal code of England. He has just entered Westminster Abbey to be crowned, when the real Prince reappears and makes his way through the crowd, and Tom Canty, seeing him, springs down from the throne and falls on his knees before him. After a trying scene, in which Tom attests his magnanimity by assisting the Prince to regain his kingdom, Edward VI. mounts the throne and is jubilantly hailed by the people. In the last chapter summary justice is meted out, both the villains and the virtuous receiving their due.

It is obvious that Mark Twain has taken considerable pains in bringing the local tone and color of his story into harmony with the historic period in which its action is laid; and his poetic instinct, assisted by some historic research, has also in this instance guided him safely. It is only just to say that while there is a fair amount of descriptive details, there is nothing which savors of 'cramming'; there is, in fact, just enough of quaintly archaic conversation and peculiarly mediæval incident to bring the reader *en rapport* with the old English feeling which pervades the tale.

Jacob Von Falke's "Greece and Rome."*

PUBLISHED with a certain magnificence in a large quarto filled with woodcuts, the 'Greece and Rome' of Jakob von Falke might readily be mistaken for one of those publications for the drawing-room table which wealthy persons buy and nobody reads—not even the unfortunate visitor who is kept waiting while Mæcenas and his wife array themselves to meet their guest. Outwardly, the volume belongs to that family of lonely and majestic tomes. Its binding in blue and gold; its architectural frontispiece designed by a German named Thiersch; its title-page in red and black inks; its profusion of cuts of statues and pictures of note in the Vatican and the Louvre; its use, in an immense double-page woodcut, of Wagner's well-known picture of a chariot-race in the Roman Circus Maximus—these and other features warrant one in approaching it with a good deal of scepticism. But by reading a few moments in the text one discovers that Herr von Falke does not belong to the ordinary writers of text for sumptuous gift books, and that, in consequence, upon the paraphernalia of art publication the value of the book does not, as in many cases, rest. The inside is better than the outside. In fact, Herr von Falke has written two most learned, well-balanced, and yet not unpopular treatises on the art and literature, life and manners, history and political conditions of Greece and of Rome. In regard to the first—namely, art—he has used the latest developments of the German expeditions to Greece and Asia Minor, giving cuts of some newly discovered statues and groups of statues which have hardly had time to reach this side of the Atlantic in photographs. The literatures of Greece and Rome are treated concisely, without carelessness. In respect to life and manners, much is given in text and cuts to illustrate the everyday life of the contemporaries of classic authors; the dress, habits, and household interiors of the ancients are duly noted. The women of Greece receive a separate chapter, with illustrations drawn from the charming statuettes found in tombs, and especially found in perfection at Tanagra. In side remarks and in the way in which he grasps situations, Herr von Falke shows that he is abreast of the times as an archaeologist. His sketch of the Grecian peninsula before the classical period is all the more remarkable for its excellence in view of the ease with which it is treated. Herr von Falke writes more like a good French writer than a German; he has little of that tendency to obstruct the general view by a too great use of particulars which we have come to associate with the Germanic expression of thought. He is on the ground of Herder, Lessing, and Winckelmann, and his method is that of Germanic thoroughness allied to a French lightness of touch. As one reads, the superiority of his work to the majority of the illustrations forces itself upon one. Good as these almost always are, they sometimes have a German *Plumpheit* from which Von Falke is free. The artists whose oil-

* The Prince and the Pauper. A Tale for Young People of all Ages. By Mark Twain. With one hundred and ninety-two illustrations. \$3. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

* Greece and Rome. Their Life and Art. By Jakob von Falke. Translated by William Hand Browne, Associate of Johns Hopkins University. Illustrated. \$15. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

pictures or drawings have been reproduced indirectly, or at first hand, are too many to mention; for the most part they are not well known here. The American edition is handsomely produced, and the translation by Mr. Browne leaves nothing to be desired. There is yet to see what the holiday season will bring in volumes of this general class; it will be singular, and almost unprecedented, if a better work in the line of classical art and history, addressed to general readers, should make its appearance and dispute for place with Falke's 'Greece and Rome.'

Children's Books.

'AROUND THE HUB*' is decidedly the best historical book of its kind for children that we have seen—a bare record of facts, with no attempt at fine writing, and no interweaving of romance to make history palatable. By this the account gains not only in clearness, but in interest. The illustrations are especially fine.

In spite of its fascinating cover and the beautiful manner in which it is printed, 'Little Mook'† is hardly pleasant reading, nor are the illustrations pleasant pictures. A fairy tale *pur et simple*—dealing, that is, merely with the impossible adventures of impossible creatures—its elements are largely those of the horrible and the grotesque.

'HAZELNUT AND HER BROTHERS,' by Ellen Haile (Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co., \$1.25) is a nice little story about some nice little boys who never teased their nice little sister. The illustrations are so nice and so numerous that we wonder why the publishers felt obliged to repeat one which had been already used in 'Bessie Bradford's Secret.'

'THE KNOCKABOUT CLUB,' by C. A. Stephens (Estes & Lauriat, \$1.50), is a bright and breezy chronicle of what befell certain youths who, afflicted in winter with rich parents, decided to try roughing it in summer in Maine and Canada. There are some pretty 'tall' bear and fish stories, but these will probably only enhance its interest for the boys.

'SHAKESPEARIAN TALES IN VERSE,' by Mrs. Valentine (A. C. Armstrong & Son, \$3), does not seem to us, except by its really capital illustrations, to answer any need. No one reads Shakespeare for the story, and the story is all that is left of Shakespeare in these rhymes and jingles. Children of the age to which it is adapted had better read Edmund Lear than King Lear; for to know that 'The Duke of Milan thus is cast upon the foaming waters wild,' will not be any more edifying than to hear how 'The owl and the pussy-cat went to sea in a beautiful pea-green boat.'

'OUR YOUNG FOLKS ABROAD,' by James D. McCabe (J. B. Lipincott & Co., \$1.75), is a sort of 'Rollo in Europe' in one volume, and contains a really appalling amount of information. Mr. Drake has proved that it is possible to write interesting historical books for children with nothing in them but history, and we think Mr. McCabe's book would have been better if he had not tried to flavor truth with a very mild extract of fiction. On page 96, for instance, it is a little difficult to decide where the adventures of the empress and the engineer end, for those of the Lawrence family to begin.

"A Cyclopædia of Practical Quotations."‡

THAT a cyclopædia of exact and full quotations is a great necessity, no one who has unsuccessfully chased a quotation through half the shelves of the poets or essayists in his library will be disposed to deny. Mrs. Mary Cowden Clark has long ago set us at rest as to everything that concerns Shakespeare; but that we can hope to have concordances of Chaucer, Milton, Spenser, Herrick, Marvell, and a hundred others, is out of the question. Yet a good cyclopædia is among the possibilities, and we have before us the sheets of a large volume that lays claim to be just what is wanted. The authors have given years of painstaking and systematic labor to its preparation. It contains 17,000 quotations, most of which have been classified, under nearly 1000 subject heads. These are subdivided again, for greater convenience of reference, under 'Trades,' 'Professions,' 'Seasons,' 'Flora,' 'Law Terms,' 'Ecclesiastical Terms,' etc. Of Shakspearian quotations alone there is a complete index, and the general concordance is so arranged as to make all quotations instantly available; that of the English and Latin departments comprises fifty thousand lines—the prominent word of each line directing to the passage sought, as in 'Cruden's Bible Concordance.' The best proverbial wisdom found in the Latin and in some of the modern languages, it is claimed, has been brought together, as never before. A biographical dictionary of 1200 authors is another feature of the volume. This is a bare outline of the cyclopædia. In looking over the 1200 authors' names, our first impulse is to strike out a goodly number of those extremely modern writers who have as yet established no title to be ranked among those

who finish anything to sparkle on 'the stretched forefinger of all Time.' We will not 'name names' (that would be invidious), but if we had had access to the ear of the compilers, we would have suggested a closer weeding of the list. The error is the same as that which the late Mr. Epes Sargent fell into, in his 'Cyclopædia of Poetry'—a most amiable fault, but still a fault. We think also that the range of subjects on which quotations are furnished is too wide. Under the head of 'Flowers' alone, thousands of extracts are given, where the space might be better devoted to something of graver import. The pages of the 'Concordance of English Quotations' seem, so far as we can judge from a mere sample, very complete and useful. We take at random the word Custom, and a glance shows us how full the references are, and with what ease we may put our finger upon them. So far as one can judge from the loose sheets at hand, the exactness of the quotations is absolute: the authors say that 'every one' has been verified.

"The Land of the Midnight Sun."

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

Will you allow a Swede, a graduate of the University of Upsala, whose attention has been called to a review of Mr. Du Chaillu's 'Land of the Midnight Sun,' published in a recent number of THE CRITIC, to correct a few errors into which the writer of the article has fallen?

THE CRITIC says that Mr. Du Chaillu is in error in spelling *wälbekommet* with the final *t*. This is a mistake. The word cannot be used without the final *t*, which with the *e* constitutes one syllable. The phrase *wälbekommet* is composed of two words, *wäl* meaning *well*, and *bekommet*, perfect participle of the verb *bekomma*, which signifies *to agree with*. The phrase is used in Sweden as a greeting by the host and hostess to their guests, and *not*, as the review says, by the latter to the former.

The remark of the writer about Count *Wachtmeister* displays a most lamentable lack of knowledge; for at present there does not exist in 'Swedish military parlance' any such term as *wachtmeister*, which went out of use several generations ago. Had the reviewer taken the pains to read even the most elementary history of Sweden, he would have found that the *Wachtmeister* family is an old and distinguished one in Swedish annals.

As to *aldra ödmjukast*, another phrase which the writer singles out as being incorrectly translated, while it is true that the literal meaning of the words is 'ever so humbly,' as usually employed it means, as Mr. Du Chaillu says, 'ever so much.'

In regard to the theatre of Christiania, we think Mr. Du Chaillu quite right; for the permanent theatre there has become bankrupt from want of patronage.

The best proof of the accuracy of Mr. Du Chaillu's work is the unprecedented success of the translation in Sweden, where a first edition of 5000 copies was sold in less than two weeks; and the publisher was compelled to issue a card in the Swedish papers, asking for the indulgence of the public until another edition could be printed.

NEW YORK, 20th December, 1881.

GUSTAF LINDQUIST, B.M.

[Mr. Lindquist, in his zeal, proves a little too much. When he asserts that *aldra ödmjukast*, though literally meaning 'most humbly,' is usually employed in the sense of 'ever so much,' he utters what is obviously an absurdity. The adjective *ödmjuk* means, as every lexicon will show, not *much* but *humble*, and although we may admit that the Swedes show much humility in the presence of social superiors, this fact in no wise alters the meaning of the phrase, even though it may somewhat weaken its force. As regards the phrase *wälbekommet*, we had no intention of disputing that Mr. Du Chaillu has recorded it correctly; but we still maintain, and every grammatical scholar will agree with us, that the form is, or was originally, a present subjunctive (used in the sense of the Latin optative subjunctive), and thus, as Mr. Lindquist admits, means 'may it agree well with you'; not, as Mr. Du Chaillu says, 'Welcome to it.' *Wälbekommet*, with the final *t*, could only be a past participle, and as such would have no appropriate significance. Again, the question at issue between Mr. Du Chaillu and ourselves as regards the Christiania Theatre was its *permanence*. Mr. Du Chaillu asserts that there is no permanent theatre in Christiania; we still maintain that there is; and the so-called 'Danish Theatre,' in spite of its bankrupt condition, is subsidized by the city, and has never been suspended except during the summer vacations. The point regarding the *Wachtmeister* family we willingly concede; it *does* betray 'a most lamentable lack of knowledge' not to be acquainted with that old and distinguished race.

It should be noted, finally, that we have not said a word against the essential accuracy and value of Mr. Du Chaillu's work, though we greatly regret that he hardly makes any reference to the remarkable literature of Norway and Sweden.—EDS. CRITIC.]

* Around the Hub. By Samuel Adams Drake. Illustrated. \$2.00. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

† Little Mook. By W. Hauff. Translated by Percy E. Pinkerton. Illustrated. \$1.50. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

‡ Cyclopædia of Practical Quotations. With full Concordance and Other Copious Indexes. By J. K. Hoyt and Anna L. Ward. New York: I. K. Funk & Co.

The Critic

Published Fortnightly. Office, No. 757 Broadway. Entered as Second-class Mail Matter at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 31, 1881.

Concerning The Critic.

WITH the present number, THE CRITIC completes its first year and volume. Without enlarging upon its merits (as others have done), or calling special attention to its failings (as we might), it may not be amiss to repeat that this is the only paper of its kind in America. The need of a periodical devoted mainly to the interests of Literature, and in a lesser degree to the interests of the various arts, has been felt to be imperative, and an effort has been made to meet the demand for such a journal. If we do not misinterpret the voice of the newspaper press, and that of the reading public generally which has made itself audible in the increasing popularity of THE CRITIC, this attempt has not been unsuccessful.

The design of THE CRITIC was outlined in the first number, issued a year ago. Since then, that outline has been filled in, though not so fully as the editors might have wished. It has also been slightly modified; and still another modification has been decided upon: The frontispiece portraits which have been a 'feature' of the paper are to be discontinued. This decision, we believe, will commend itself to the better taste of THE CRITIC'S readers, who must have remarked that the class of engravings which it has been found possible to give them has hardly been in keeping with the literary tone of the paper. From time to time, however, a portrait, or other illustration, printed on a separate sheet of paper, may be sent to each subscriber.

A scientific department will be added with the new year, arrangements having been made whereby the latest news of importance in the scientific world may be laid fortnightly before THE CRITIC'S readers. This department will be edited by a writer thoroughly well qualified for the task.

Readers whose subscriptions expire with this number are requested to renew promptly, as well for their own as the publishers' convenience. Attention is called to THE CRITIC'S advertisement on page ii.

THE CRITIC PRINTING & PUBLISHING CO.

The Wood College of Music.

THE recent decision of Surrogate Calvin, establishing the validity of the will of the late Samuel Wood, places at the disposal of a number of gentlemen selected as trustees by Mr. Wood himself a large sum of money, which is to be applied to founding a school in which the best musical instruction shall be furnished free of cost. The names of the gentlemen who have been selected to administer this trust are a sufficient guarantee that the administration will be honorable and business-like. It is to be hoped that they will be guided by such counsels as will secure from the use of the large sum at their disposal the greatest possible benefit to art. We are encouraged in this hope by a denial of the report that nearly three-fourths of the entire fund is to be expended upon a college building.

What the trustees will decide to do must as yet be a matter of speculation even with themselves. The statistics which they have obtained concerning the character, the cost, and the peculiar advantages of the systems in vogue abroad will doubtless prove of little practical value, since the position of the American college is essentially different from that of its European sisters. There is in Europe but one absolutely free conservatory in which all the branches of music are taught; that is the Conservatoire at Paris. But the Paris school serves a purpose of which we have not and cannot have a need: it is a training school for the national opera, while its professorships serve as a reward—and, in a sense, a pension—for distinguished artists. Its functions can only be assumed or properly utilized by a nation, and only by a nation that encourages and subsidizes the theatre. The

current expenses in this country of a school modelled upon the Paris Conservatoire would probably be \$100,000 per annum; its value, almost nothing. The cost of maintaining a permanent opera is too great even for New York; that it should, for years to come, be possible to maintain an opera in any of the smaller cities is out of the question. What future then could we offer to the pupils of an operatic training school? A possible engagement for four or five months in the year, under an impresario who would be the sole judge of their fitness and the chief gainer by their services; and this only for a few of the more successful pupils. For the less fortunate ones—who would always be in a large majority—we have no opera of the second rank, no lesser place in which they could gain at least an honorable subsistence. To be sure they might teach; but a training school for teachers is a very different thing from an operatic school. In this direction, however, may lie the opportunity of the proposed college. We still require many years of thorough, patient teaching, before we can hope to attain to any rank as a musical people. We shall have good opera, and proportionate audiences not till then. At present we are only a people that likes to hear, occasionally, certain kinds of music, and that pays homage to musical celebrities. It is a serious question whether the best musical future of this country will lie in the direction of opera. It is an indisputable fact that opera in America is an exotic that requires forcing under the glass of fashion. Symphony, oratorio, and chamber music—these lie nearer to our tastes. With the advent of a repertoire of good operas in our own language, all this may change; but the time for such a change is still distant. Our first need, then, is musicians who will teach the truths of their art, and musicians who can write. These are the necessities of a musical life. The requirements of an opera will be found readily enough when the demand for them is created by a national taste.

Solstice.

In the month of June, when the world is green,
When the dew beads thick on the clover spray,
And the noons are rife with the scent of hay,
And the brook hides under a willow screen;
When the rose is queen, in Love's demesne,
Then, the time is too sweet and too light to stay:
Whatever the sun and the dial say,
This is the shortest day!

In the month of December, when, naked and keen,
The tree tops thrust at the snow-cloud gray,
And frozen tears fill the lids of day;
When only the thorn of the rose is seen,
Then, in heavy teen, each breath between,
We sigh, 'Would the winter were well away!'
Whatever the sun and the dial say,
This is the longest day!

EDITH M. THOMAS.

A Letter from George Eliot.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

I have ventured to assume that the allusion in 'Literary Notes' of THE CRITIC for December 17th to a letter written by Mr. Lewes in the name of George Eliot referred to one of the letters which I received, not indeed from Mr. Lewes, but from George Eliot herself. As it illustrates in many ways the qualities that endeared her to our hearts as well as to our minds, I have thought it not too personal for publication, should you desire to publish it in your columns.

The quotation from Hawthorne refers to my saying that I had become a critic instead of an author in the spirit with which Hawthorne's Hilda, in the presence of the great masters, had ceased to consider herself an original artist. Beholding the miracles of beauty which the old masters had achieved, the world seemed

already rich enough in original designs, and nothing more was so desirable as to diffuse these self-same beauties more widely among mankind. So Hilda became a copyist.'

ALICE WELLINGTON ROLLINS.

BROOKLYN, L. I., December 19, 1881.

MY DEAR MISS WELLINGTON: The signs of your sympathy sent to me across the wide water have touched me with the more effect because you imply that you are young. I care supremely that my writing should be some help and stimulus to those who have probably a long life before them.

Mr. Lewes does not let me read criticisms on my writings. He always reads them himself, and gives me occasional quotations, when he thinks that they show a spirit and mode of appreciation which will win my gratitude. He has carefully read through the articles which were accompanied by your kind letter, and he has a high opinion of the feeling and discernment exhibited in them. Some concluding passages which he read aloud to me are such as I register among the grounds of any encouragement in looking backward on what I have written, if not in looking forward to my future writing.

Thank you, dear young friend, whom I shall probably never know otherwise than in this spiritual way. And certainly, apart from those relations in life which bring daily duties and opportunities of lovingness, the most satisfactory of all ties is this effective invisible intercourse of an elder mind with a younger.

That quotation in your letter from Hawthorne's book offers an excellent type both for men and women in the value it assigns to that order of work which is called subordinate but becomes ennobling by being finely done.

Yours, with sincere obligation,

M. E. LEWES.

By the way, Mr. Lewes tells me that you ascribe to me a hatred of blue eyes—which is amusing, since my own eyes are blue-gray. I am not in any sense one of the 'good haters'; on the contrary, my weaknesses all verge toward an excessive tolerance and a tendency to melt off the outlines of things.

THE PRIORY,

21 North Bank, Regent's Park, Jan. 16, '73.

LITERARY NOTES.

It has been estimated that five hundred works have been published in this country since September.

There is a seasonable and entertaining account, in the *Catholic World* for January, of 'A Christmas Play in the Pyrenees.'

Mr. John Bigelow is the writer of the article on Jefferson in the new volume of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, and Mr. Moncure D. Conway has written of the *Wandering Jew*.

Canon Luckock's new book will be published here early in January (by T. Whittaker), under the title 'Studies in the History of the Prayer Book.' Mr. Whittaker will also issue 'The New Man and Life Eternal,' by the Rev. Andrew Jukes.

Some five hundred 'Gunnery Boys,' as they delight to call themselves, are taking steps toward the erection of a monument to their old schoolmaster, the late Mr. Frederick W. Gunn. The project will be discussed at a meeting to be held next month.

The American edition of Prof. Nordenskjöld's 'Voyage of the Vega' will be published by Messrs. Macmillan & Co. early in January, and will be complete in one volume, with five steel portraits and nearly 400 illustrations, maps, etc. This volume comes at a time when public attention is turned northward with more than usual interest.

Miss Alcott's first novel, 'Moods,' will be issued in a revised and enlarged form by Messrs. Roberts Bros., in January. This firm will also have ready, very soon, a volume of 'School Sermons,' preached to the boys of Adams Academy by William Everett (a son of Edward), and Theodore Parker's 'Prayers,' with a preface by Miss Alcott, and a memoir by F. B. Sanborn.

Dorman B. Eaton's 'Civil Service in Great Britain' has been added to the Franklin Square Library, and may now be had for twenty-five cents, instead of \$2.50, its original cost. A volume of selections from the writings of Charles Dickens has been added to the same Library. The selections were made by Mr. Nathan Sheppard. The book is printed in a handsomer manner than the other numbers of this Library, and is well suited to school purposes.

The Messrs. Scribner will add to the edition of Dr. Holland's works now issuing from their press a volume of 'Topics of the Time,' reprinted from *Scribner's Monthly*; and an entirely new volume under the same title, the manuscript of which was left all ready for the printer by Dr. Holland. This firm will also publish in January 'Outlines of Primitive Belief' by Mr. E. F. Keary, of the British Museum, and a new volume in the 'Campaigns of the Civil War' series—'From Antietam to Fredericksburg,' by Gen. F. W. Palfrey.

Ouida's comedy, of which we spoke in our last issue, will be published in this country in *Harper's Weekly*. The title has been changed to 'Resurgo,' a change characteristic of the classical proclivities of the author.

Mrs. Bayard Taylor is desirous of receiving any letters from her late husband which may be of use in the preparation of the biography she has in hand. They will be copied and returned. Address: 142 East 18th Street, City; or Kennett Square, Pa.

Ever since the death of William Cullen Bryant, his son-in-law, Mr. Parke Godwin, has been engaged in preparing a complete edition of his poetical and prose works. The material is now in the hands of the publishers, Messrs. D. Appleton & Co., who will probably have the first two volumes ready before the spring. These will contain the poetical writings, including a number of poems hitherto unpublished. The next two volumes will be devoted to essays and addresses, and the last two to the biography. These latter will contain a large part of Mr. Bryant's correspondence, which is of great interest. The publishers intend that the forthcoming work shall be an *édition de luxe*, and a fitting monument to the memory of one of our greatest poets.

The Bibliographer, a Journal of Book-love, is the title of a new monthly, edited by Mr. H. B. Wheatley, published by Eliot Stock in London and imported by J. W. Bouton. No. 1, for December, has just appeared. It is a neat pamphlet of thirty-two broad and double-columned pages, with a quaint vignette on its gray cover mortised to contain the table of contents. The typography is trim and precise. The number contains 'A Chat about Bibliography' by the editor, which may be taken as a sort of prologue to the future entertainment; it contains many promises and suggestions. Other articles are contributed by Mr. Henry Bradshaw, Mr. J. O. Halliwell-Phillips, Mr. William Blades, Mr. Edward Solly and Mr. J. Westwood, who describes as 'An American Rarity in Angling Literature' an authentic memoir of The Schuylkill Fishing Company, from 1732 to 1830. An anonymous article informs us that hitherto unprinted manuscripts of Butler, the author of 'Hudibras,' are in existence. At the end of the number are reviews, five columns of interesting 'Notes and News,' and correspondence and reports of book-sales. There are occasional pleasant references to the doings of American librarians, but neither in this magazine nor in the kindred *Antiquary* nor in *Notes and Queries* do we see any frank recognition of the fact that in bibliographical work America is years in advance of Great Britain. For one thing our publishers and authors are more lavish of indexes, for another our librarians are far more skilled in laying their stores open to the public and in interesting the *profanum vulgus* in the treasures they guard. However the first number of the *Bibliographer* is promising, and many of the articles announced for subsequent issues are enticing.

Obituary Notes.

THE REV. DR. LEONARD BACON, who died at New Haven, Conn., on Saturday last, was one of the best known members of a well-known family. Dr. Bacon was born in Detroit, Mich., February 19th, 1802. He was graduated from Yale College at the age of eighteen, and continued his theological studies at Andover. For more than forty years he was the pastor of the First Congregational Church, New Haven. Dr. Bacon filled the chair of Revealed Theology at Yale until 1871, when he was made lecturer on Ecclesiastical Polity and American Church History. For a number of years he devoted a large part of his time to editorial work, and was connected with the *Christian Spectator*, the *New Englander*, and the *Independent*. He was the author of a 'Life of Richard Baxter,' a 'Manual for Young Church Members,' 'Slavery Discussed in Occasional Essays,' 'Christian Self-Culture,' and other religious volumes.—Dr. Isaac I. Hayes died in this city on the 17th inst. Dr. Hayes was born in Chester County, Penn., and was a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania. In 1853 he accompanied Dr. Kane to the Polar regions; and in 1860, as commander of a second expedition, he planted the American flag within 480 miles of the Pole. Returning home during the first year of the war, he distinguished himself by his professional skill and devotion in the hospitals and on the field. In 1875 he became a member of the State Assembly. Dr. Hayes was the author of several works upon Arctic life and adventure, the best known of which are the 'Open Polar Sea,' and 'The Land of Desolation.' 'Pictures of Arctic Travel' was his last book. It was issued originally over a year ago, but was only offered for general circulation this winter.—The death of Mr. E. C. Grenville Murray is just announced, from Paris. Mr. Murray was an entertaining writer and knew Paris as few Englishmen know it. In his last book, 'Side Lights on English Society,' he said: 'I have suffered twelve years of banishment, not from any displeasure of my sovereign, or from popular clamor, but from the resentment of an official who had grown rich and influential by the appropriation of public money.' Mr. Murray was, years ago, the editor of a paper which attacked people of title and position. A peer who had been abused in its columns assaulted him, and a lawsuit arose, in which Mr. Murray was defeated. He disappeared from London, but was shortly afterwards recognized as the writer of a series of graphic essays from Paris which appeared in the *Pall Mall Gazette*.

The Fine Arts

Leopold Eidlitz on Art.*

MR. LEOPOLD EIDLITZ is best known in this community as one of the two architects who took the State Capitol at Albany in hand after the foundations had been built by others less competent. We do not know that he has ever appeared before in the character of author; from internal evidence as well as absence of data we should judge this to be his first venture. What appeals most to his readers is the evident earnestness of the man; this needful element shows through a mass of verbiage which would wreck any one less sincere and equally unskilful in presenting ideas. One has to dig for the practical teachings that are scattered through the bulky volume; but the teachings are there; that is the great matter; and that is more than can be said of the ordinary work on art. Mr. Eidlitz has needed some one at his elbow to give the advice which is so painful when addressed to the novice attempting fiction: Write your first chapters, but do not leave them in your book. Mr. Eidlitz is still groping; he sees the light, but does not clearly understand the true outlet; he is on the path, but liable to run astray momentarily in side passages that are interesting but do not lead onward. One thinks of him as a man who ran back so far to prepare for his leap, that he was lame before he reached the brink. He defines his own attitude in this sentence from the preface: 'If any field of human knowledge is to be brought under cultivation the work of planting the good seed is but small, compared with the labor of uprooting weeds and destroying their germs.' At the same time this is in some sort an apology for the time spent on preliminary work. It is evident that Mr. Eidlitz feels that the book is too long for a treatise and yet cannot hope to be exhaustive of the subject.

The reader of novels who has been following 'A Laodicean' in *Harper's* will not fail to see a corroboration of many of these strictures on architecture reproduced in somewhat satirical form in the opening chapters of Mr. Hardy's romance. We cannot fully agree with Mr. Eidlitz in his passages on the relations of architect and clients; they do not approach the truth either as regards the one or the other; the situation to our thinking is much more unfortunate than one would gather from the cautious circumlocutions of the essayist. Would that Mr. Eidlitz had talked less of æsthetics, music, sculpture, and Homer, and spoken out the bitterness that every good architect must feel at the way in which public officials and private citizens obtrude their penny-wise, pound-foolish notions on architecture. And would that he had sacrificed his chapter on 'Illogical Reasoning' for a careful and relentless exposition of the influences brought to bear on young architects, and the reasons for their failure to produce great works of art. We see about us men of wealth or members of wealthy corporations, who, to hear them talk, are about to startle the community with dwellings or public buildings of exquisite beauty, unimpeachable in art. On the other hand we meet with young architects bubbling over with knowledge of the schools and personal enthusiasm. They are going to equal or surpass the Greeks. The two parties come together and what is the result? Look about at our public buildings, our showy or hopelessly ugly city houses, our grotesque villas. These are the result. How comes this? What devilry is at the bottom of so much promise of good and product of bad?

It would be high injustice to Mr. Eidlitz to say that he ignores these questions or does not always answer them well. But his treatise is not so arranged as to carry conviction to the right quarters. It is

neither clear and popular, nor suited to the professional reader, but a treatise betwixt and between, which reaches the dimensions of an exhaustive work of research. Yet so vacant of good books is this field, and so much is there excellent which this one has to say, that one is ready enough to thank Mr. Eidlitz for beginning the attack—perhaps to apologize for finding fault with its method. Indiscriminate praise is, however, as bad as, if not worse than, indiscriminate blame, and an unskilled workman in an art of which he can know little, from the nature of his proper profession, can console himself for an error of method should his ideas have weight. Chief among the titles of the book to respectful examination is the fact that Mr. Eidlitz not only recognizes the impotence of architecture to-day to express great ideas, but the fact that it must have more freedom in the future to assume new phases. He is a champion of the new against the schooled formalism of the old. We would like to see a clearer expression of the fact, that, willy-nilly, even to-day's architecture does express a nation. We would also prefer a deeper consideration of the views of Vitruvius, which would prevent his writing of 'the erroneous views on proportion of Vitruvius.' It is enough to say that the present day needs more than simple outlines offered by a classic

inheritor of Greek architectural ideas. A passage or two will give the drift: 'Another prejudice or notion entertained by the public, as well as by the profession, is the belief that architecture is the result of certain proportions of length, breadth, and height, based upon certain cabalistic numbers, or illustrated by geometrical diagrams and figures, such as triangles, squares, circles, etc. . . . Vitruvius speculates numerically both on the parts and on the whole of the perfect man, deducing from numerical relationships the rash conclusion that the proportions of the parts of the human frame, or similar proportions, must likewise constitute the true proportions of the parts of a perfect structure. He begs the question by appealing to our veneration of the Deity who has made the perfect man; and he argues our obligation to imitate nature in our monuments.' Here Mr. Eidlitz does scant justice to Vitruvius and his age, as well as to the latter ages, which indulged in what he scornfully calls mystery. Now there are relations between man and the envelopes which he builds for himself, be they clothes or buildings. On this head 'Sartor Resartus' may be re-read with profit. And if Vitruvius uses the terms and shadowy theories of his epoch, it is crude criticism to speak of them as erroneous. We ought not to think it necessary to revile Vitruvius and the ancients

in order to establish the fact that we should be free to follow our own devices in architecture. Another point that needs more exact definition on the part of the essayist is his position toward the use of iron, glass, and other materials which are sometimes called less noble than stone and iron. In one place Mr. Eidlitz appears a radical, in another a conservative. But enough said. He has written a very suggestive volume, and it is to be hoped that it will not be his last. He is greatly in need of what is called 'editing.' Perhaps he can afford a second edition rewritten and recast.

Art Notes.

THE ARTISTS' Fund exhibition will be opened on the 7th of January. The Water Color Exhibition comes later in the month.

'Mural Decorative Painting,' by W. & G. Audsley, is announced by J. W. Bouton. It is illustrated with 36 plates in colors and gold.

We have received from Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., a life-size portrait of Emerson, uniform with their series of *Atlantic* Portraits. Mr. Emerson is represented as he looked twenty years ago, and those who knew him at that time pronounce the likeness good. It is one of the best portraits in the series.



Horse and Rider. From a sketch by Eugène Fromentin.

* The Nature and Function of Art. More Especially of Architecture. By Leopold Eidlitz, Architect. \$4. New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son.

The Drama

FORTY new plays were produced on the New York boards during the past twelve months. Very few of these will survive till the spring. The wit of 'Patience,' the pathos of 'Esmeralda,' the setting of the 'Lights o' London,' may carry these plays to the end of the season. The rest have sunk out of sight. Few pleasant memories come to the playgoer who reviews the dramatic year. There was Jefferson in 'The Rivals,' mellow, accomplished, artificial; there was Genevieve Ward in 'Forget-Me-Not,' vigorous, refined, still more artificial; there was Mrs. Gilbert in 'Cinderella,' Mr. Curtis in 'Sam'l of Posen,' Mr. Maginley in 'Deacon Crankett,' Mr. Lewis in 'The Passing Regiment'—pleasant figures all, yet all appearing in quite familiar characters. The barrenness of the playwrights had its effect on the actors. No new stage personage came into being. Sellers and Slote still stand without a rival.

The artistic hit of the year was, indisputably, 'Patience.' We all owe much to Mr. Gilbert's delightful humor. It is a common complaint against him that he plays on one string. So did Paganini, and in the days when people were easily pleased Paganini was accounted a master. Mr. Gilbert's gift may soon degenerate into a knack; but when his invention fails he has an excellent resource to fall back upon. He knows very well how to build an operatic libretto. He is the only English dramatist who has acquired this knowledge. 'Patience' is a masterpiece of grouping. The contrast of colors, bright hues matched with sober, red coats of the dragoons set off by pale green chitons of the damozels, betray the hand of an artist. Mr. Gilbert is not likely to do better work than this. His mind is too delicate, his fancy too light, for the rougher work of the stage.

There is no use in blinking the fact that, even with the people who admire 'Patience,' the most popular performances have been those of Messrs. Harrigan and Hart. This is no reproach to our boards. When foreigners visit Paris they find the most Parisian entertainment at the Palais Royal. Rome delights, not in Verdi or Cossa, but in Stenterello, and Naples in Pulcinella, and Milan in the marionettes. Messrs. Harrigan and Hart have a far wider influence than is commonly supposed. They take the only true dramatic course. They are natural; they are unaffected; they draw from life. While the actors of the Union Square make themselves ridiculous in bag-wigs and perukes, the two popular comedians and their lieutenants are sketching the humors of the emigrant ship, the boarding house, and the policy shop. Everybody knows what they are talking about; everybody can determine the truth of their delineations. The two plays which they have produced, one at their old theatre, the other at their new, are 'The Mulligans' Silver Wedding,' and 'The Major.' Both pieces are admirable in their types of the street. Their success has its lesson for every manager in New York.

The applause which greeted the Hanlon-Lees has quite another meaning. These excellent acrobats appeared in a well-contrived French play, introducing pantomimic effects of an astonishing nature. They merely sought to surprise, bewilder, and amuse. Within the scope of their entertainment they succeeded perfectly, and never professing to be more than circus performers they were found far more ingenious than most comedians.

Five melodramas were produced at the theatres. Two were successful; three were ill received. All were poor affairs. 'The Creole' opened the year at the Union Square. It was written by MM. Denery and Brésil, who have been contriving plays for forty years, and who thought it one of their best productions. It contained the picturesque adventure of a respectable old gentleman who committed a murder in his sleep. It failed because it was highly improbable, and because the audience took no interest in the respectable old gentleman. 'Felicia,' which followed it, was badly mauled in the translation. It was taken from 'Le Fils de Coralie,' written by Albert Delpit, a graceful and scholarly young novelist of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and all the dainty elegancies of its style were crushed out in a barbarous fashion. The play was thus turned into a slipshod and silly melodrama, and as it had for its heroine an aged and repentant Magdalen, it only enjoyed a brief career. Jules Verne's spectacular play, 'Michael Strogoff,' met with no better fate at the two theatres which played it. On the other hand 'The World' had an enthusiastic greeting at Wallack's. It was written by three Englishmen, and was founded on a great many stories which have appeared at various times in dime novels and Seaside Libraries. It introduced an infernal machine, a raft at sea, a revolving wall, a murder, and an elevator. Some of Mr. Wallack's friends protested that this was rather common fare for his guests. 'Le véritable Amphitryon,' replied Mr. Wallack sententiously, 'est l'Amphitryon où l'on dine.' Mr. Palmer has brought the year to a close by producing a melodrama almost as highly spiced as 'The World.' There are scenes in 'The Lights o' London' which redeem it from utter vulgarity. But all these plays are very far removed from 'The Two Orphans.'

The list of comedies is headed by an astonishingly bad play called

'Where's the Cat?' It was written by Mr. James Albery, who has never fulfilled the expectations that were raised by his charming comedy 'The Two Roses.' Mr. Byron followed Mr. Albery at Wallack's. His play was called 'The Upper Crust.' Constructed for Mr. J. L. Toole, and performed by him with great success, it was one of the worst failures that Wallack's has ever known. Who shall account for these vicissitudes of fortune? Those who sat through the first night of 'The Upper Crust' will remember that not a joke hit the mark, not a laugh broke the silence; and yet, on the same evening, an English audience was being convulsed with mirth by the same lines and the same situations. These things are the mysteries of the stage, the dismay of playwrights, the confusion of managers. The fate of Mr. Edgar Fawcett's comedy, 'Sixes and Sevens,' was more easily explicable. It was trash. Even in England it would have been summarily damned. Little can be said in favor of 'Americans Abroad,' by the same author, which was subsequently produced at Daly's. Mr. Daly translated various comedies from the German. 'Needles and Pins' depicted a children's carnival, and was moderately successful; 'Quits' was a romping farce, too extravagant for acceptance; 'The Passing Regiment' had, and still has, an attraction for the fashionable people who summer at Newport and Narragansett pier. Mr. Bronson Howard produced in 'Baron Rudolph' a play quite unworthy of his reputation. Mr. George Fawcett Rowe, in 'Smiff,' was promptly despatched without benefit of clergy.

Three musical pieces besides 'Patience' attracted some little attention. 'Janina' was Mr. Daly's oriental experiment. He introduced in it his snake-charmers and nautch-girls, brought directly from India. They did not satisfy public expectation. People thought that the dancers would be ravishingly beautiful; they had read 'Lalla Rookh'; they looked for a slightly immoral exhibition; and they were depressed when they saw three or four stunted and frowzy women, turning slowly and mechanically on their toes, to the music of 'Taza-ba-Taza' and the accompaniment of a tom-tom. 'Cinderella at School' met with a far different fate. It was the success of Mr. Daly's last season. It was a musical setting of Robertson's 'School,' with a boat-race of Columbia College very deftly worked in. Mrs. Gilbert was the school-mistress, and the lesson in calisthenics which she gave the young ladies was an inimitable bit of *grotesquerie*, and proved that Mrs. Gilbert holds in America the rank which Mme. Jouassain holds in France. 'The Mascotte' met with curiously good fortune. Offenbach being dead and Lecocq being in his decadence, Edmond Audran is accepted as a luminary of opera bouffe. His work is at present imitative; but he may in time pass out of this phase.

Three domestic dramas find their place in this record. 'Deacon Crankett' was written by the novelist who obtained the popular ear with 'Helen's Babies,' and who had not before, we believe, essayed the stage. It was a quiet, pastoral drama of New England life; its tone was simple, manly, and pure; its virtue was its fidelity to life, its defect a lack of incident. 'The Professor' was played during the summer at the Madison Square Theatre. It was written and acted by Mr. W. H. Gillette, who may some day make a stir in the theatrical world if he will now go quietly into harness, and learn discipline by working in minor capacities. 'The Professor' had one or two agreeable Robertsonian love-scenes; the rest was marred by extravagance and farce. 'Esmeralda' has won a place apart. Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett has done nothing better. The native vigor of her mind carried her triumphantly through the first half of the play; then her scenic inexperience began to show, and the piece lost some of its fine, well-rounded proportions. It is still one of the sensations of the town.

Many actors and actresses relied, as usual, on their unsupported efforts. Of these Miss Genevieve Ward was perhaps the most striking. She appeared in the much-contested play, 'Forget-Me-Not,' in which she was singularly impressive. Her method was found to be wholly French; not unlike that of Mme. Arnould-Plessy, of the Comédie Française; but it was far too subtle to be popular, and Miss Coghlan, who played the part for some nights, was more generally applauded, being, indeed, a handsome woman. Mr. John T. Raymond was heartily greeted in 'Fresh, the American.' It was a play by a Mr. A. C. Gunter, and was not so preposterously bad as most native productions for the stage. Mr. M. B. Curtis gave an original sketch of a Jewish commercial traveller in 'Sam'l of Posen.' Joseph Jefferson was well worth studying as Bob Acres in 'The Rivals.' He has a clearer idea of composition than any actor on our stage. He builds up his characters by slow accretions; and his humor is as genial and sympathetic as that of Charles Lamb. Mr. Steele Mackaye tried to carry on his shoulders at Philadelphia an adaptation of Judge Tourgee's novel, 'A Fool's Errand'; but it was found to be unsuited to the stage. John McCullough assumed a somewhat new character in 'The Bondman,' a dull historical play by a gentleman connected with the British peerage.

The invasion of foreign players was remarkable. Salvini and Rossi, Bernhardt and Rhéa, Haase and Geistering were seen on our boards during the year. All of them but the Germans were received with much adverse criticism. This is due, of course, to the fact that

the Germans played at German theatres; their language was understood, their good qualities appreciated. Sarah Bernhardt was a *succès de curiosité*. Outside of her art, which she has learned slowly and laboriously, she deals in such questionable methods of attracting notice that she might seem to have no more place in a review of the year than the two-headed portent of Mr. Bunnell's museum. But she is, in fact, a good stock actress; her voice, her dreamy ways have a fascination for elderly playgoers; she has moments of great energy; her tempestuous bursts are made more noticeable by her physical slightness; and our estimate of her histrionic ability would be understood by those who care for the French stage if we say that she seems to stand on a level with Croizette and Bartet, somewhat above the plane of Blanche Pierson, and very much below that of Fargueil. Mlle. Rhéa is a well-trained actress of the same school. Rossi and Salvini are masters. It is hopeless to judge them in Shakespeare or in any pieces played by an English-speaking company. If their visit has aroused the interest of any American, let him wait for an opportunity to hear them at the Valle in Rome or the Nicolini in Florence.

Music

SCHUMANN's third, or so-called Rhenish, Symphony—which formed the *pièce de résistance* at the second concert this season of the Brooklyn Philharmonic Society, Dec. 17—is unquestionably one of the ripest products of that composer's most mature period: a work of the largest dimensions as well as the most noble quality, as interesting in treatment as it is beautiful in conception, and at the least as graceful and attractive in its melodic forms as the best of his earlier works. It was played in a smooth, finished, and utterly uninteresting manner; the surface of it neatly skimmed, as it were, and the many beauties that lie beneath completely slighted. It is scarcely necessary to add that with such superficial treatment the symphony had no effect whatever; it sounded *pretty* enough, indeed, but unless one cares to accept polish in lieu of warmth, mere technical accuracy for a sympathetic conception of the composer's meaning, and a refined piquancy for the inherent poetry of the composition, the performance was at no moment worth the assembling of so large a body of musicians; while to those who had hoped for even a glimmer of the composer's spirit, it was a bitter disappointment. After the symphony, however, there was no further disappointment. The other orchestral numbers—Wagner's overture to the 'Flying Dutchman,' an arrangement for string orchestra of two movements from Beethoven's Ninth string quartet, and the march from Goldmark's 'Queen of Sheba'—were admirably played, and, especially the fugue from the Beethoven quartet, with considerable brilliancy. Whether the programme of a philharmonic concert is the best place for such arrangements, in which the only object is to display the 'virtuosity' of the orchestra, or the master-ship of the conductor, is a question. To us such displays seem meretricious, and too like the conservatory exhibitions, in which a dozen or two of the violin pupils are made to play an étude together to show how well they have been taught. The Duo-Nocturne from Berlioz's opera, 'Beatrice and Benedick' (not manuscript, as stated on the programme, but in print for many years past), is a charming piece of color, of which the accompaniment is exquisitely scored, and the last twenty or so measures a perfect poem. It would undoubtedly gain in interest by omission of the repetition, as it would be sure also to lose much if accompanied by anything less than a thoroughly well-trained orchestra. It was quite neatly sung by Miss Emily Winant and Miss Hattie Schell. The choral numbers (scenes from Gluck's 'Alceste'

and chorus from the 'Queen of Sheba') were correctly sung, which is the best that can be said of them; and Signor Galassi made a fine impression in the Glück recitatives and an air from the 'Flying Dutchman.' The next concert is announced for January 21st. The programme will comprise Haydn's G major ('Surprise') and Beethoven's B flat symphonies; and Mozart's Piano-forte Concerto in A, played by Rafael Joseffy.

THE concert for the benefit of the family of the late Rudolph Bial, given at Steinway Hall on the evening of the 18th inst., was an artistic as well as a pecuniary success. The musical interest of the occasion centred in two movements from Beethoven's 'Eroica' symphony (very well played by an excellent orchestra under Mr. Theodore Thomas) and the singing of Madame Carolina Zeiss, who had made her New York debut on the previous evening at a soirée of the Arion Society. Madame Zeiss has not only a mezzo-soprano voice of great volume and superb quality, but—what is so rare nowadays—she knows thoroughly well how to sing. Her broad, really noble style made an instantaneous and profound impression, which rose at the conclusion of her first number, the great *scena* of Fides from the 'Prophete,' to positive enthusiasm. The brindisi from 'Lucrezia,' Madame Zeiss's second number, was sung with a brilliancy that justified the selection of this hackneyed piece.

AT the second concert of the Philharmonic Club, which was given at Chickering Hall on the 20th inst., the club had the assistance of Madame Schelle-Gramm and Mr. Alexander Lambert. Madame Gramm, who has a rich and sympathetic mezzo-soprano voice, sang a cycle of songs by Schumann, Franz, Brahms, and Schubert, with warmth and intelligence; but she has a false method of breathing (too frequently and audibly) which sensibly affects the purity of her phrasing. Mr. Lambert is an ambitious young pianist who has yet much to learn technically, while his playing is so dry and unsympathetic that we do not see why he should take the trouble to develop any more technique. The same chill that was noticeable at the first concert pervaded the numbers played by the club—the Quartette in F, op. 17, by Rubinstein, and the Quintette in C, by Rheinberger, with Mr. Lambert—to which, in the quartette, was added a constant unsteadiness in the intonation caused apparently by a new E string on the first violin. Mr. Max Liebling accompanied the songs and several flute solos by Mr. Wiener, with musicianlike discretion and a beautiful touch.

PARTS of various scenes from the first four acts (the fifth entirely omitted) compressed into three; these shabbily set and mounted, and scarcely rehearsed at all; a Raoul (Signor Campanini) who sang his way through those portions of his music that were not cut out, with the least possible outlay of care or voice; a Valentina (Signora Rossini) whose conception of the part seemed to be that St. Bris's daughter was a vulgar shrew who had a loud voice and had been half taught to sing by a faulty method; one half of a Marcel (which is about all that Signor Novara can claim to be), and some of the most atrocious chorus singing that we have heard of late—such was the 'Huguenots' as given at the Academy of Music on Wednesday evening, the 21st inst., for the first time this season. It is just possible that somewhere, at some time, some opera may have been more barbarously hacked to pieces than was this *chef d'œuvre* of Meyerbeer's; if so we were happily out of hearing distance. The little respectable work in the representation was that of Mlles. Juch and Lauri—neither of them quite competent to fill their respective rôles, but both singing carefully and conscientiously—and of Signori Galassi and Del Puente, who, as the Counts de Nevers and St. Bris, again approved themselves most excellent and painstaking artists.

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